

DRAMATIC MIRROR AND LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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THE SOUTHERN STAGE, ACTORS AND AUTHORS.

IN THREE PARTS.

(PART FIRST.)

THE SOUTHERN STAGE.

During the season, Caldwell produced a number of old sterling comedies, and a variety of melo dramas, new farces, &c. in many of which he performed. Pelby, E. Forrest,* and a Mr. Wilson, were the only stars engaged, but with a stock company unequalled in point of number and talent, by any other in the United States, their absence would not have materially affected the establishment. The season closed on Wednesday June 9th, 1824, with "Laugh when you Can," an Address, and the "Poor Soldier," being for the benefit of the "orphan boys."

The year following, 1825, the theatre opened with additional *eclat*, the company being strengthened by several new members, among whom we recognize "Jack Moore." The success of Mr. Caldwell was now, as a matter of course, as the selections and cast of characters were far superior to any thing we have seen here, up to 1836. The only striking feature of the season, apart from those ever attendant upon a well regulated theatre, was the first appearance of Mr. Conway in Louisiana, so great was the anxiety to witness the acting of this justly celebrated tragedian, that the tickets were sold at auction to the highest bidder; he opened in "Othello," on Wednesday March 2d, 1825.

Forrest played King Lear for his benefit.

Old Gray headed his benefit bill with the following *morceau* :

MR. GRAY'S BENEFIT.

Poor Gray! Old Gray!! grown Gray!!! a luckless wight.

Who, erst, your smiles essay'd on rainy Night,
And by them tried what's term'd a BENE-

FIT;

And really thought (good lack) it would have hit

Had not the pealing thunder—lightning blue!
Followed by sheets of rain, prevented you
From walking, running, riding thro' the muddy way,

To see this well selected Farce and Play.
Now, not dismay'd, "again the battle tries,"
To draw upon you for some "*small supplies*";
Just some small remembrance, that he once was here,

When he is gone, and whispers of you there;
THERE, where he'll sigh, and cry, and laugh in pain,
Till he returns, and acts with you again.
Then, let the question to each heart be put,
Shall GRAY receive my patronage or not?

* This gentleman made his first appearance in New Orleans on Wednesday February 4th, 1823, as "Jaffier" in the tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. He was regularly engaged by Mr. Caldwell for two years.

John Moore named above was one of those who essayed to play leading characters when Stanislaus sat upon the tinsel throne at Tivoli garden—Moore was an apprentice to Robert Desilver, bookseller, who at that time carried on business in Walnut street; we believe he made his appearance as Alexander the Great, before he was out of his time.

Jackson Gray, a name familiar to every one in the South, was born in Sunbury, Northumberland county, Pa., on the 30th September, 1796. In 1811 he was a clerk in the store of Messrs. Wayne and Biddle, Philadelphia. About that period John Howard Payne, was the great master Payne, whose extraordinary genius at an early age was the subject of much notice. He turned the heads of half the young men and boys in town, among whom was Gray—from that period his inclination for the stage could be dated. He left the counting house to learn the art and mystery of printing—in 1813 he was with Jane Aiken—In 1814 he was at Marcus Hook, a soldier—and in 1817 a member of Caldwell's company, in Petersburg, Va. He died sometime in the year 1837, in his native county.

On the 8th of January, the following address was spoken by Mr. Caldwell, it gained the prize in a competition with fifty six.

PRIZE POEM.

THE BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

Chill was the breeze,—nor yet the herald light,
Had chased the lingering shadows of the night;
O'er still expanse of lake, and marshy bed,
Gloomy and dense the mantling vapours spread:
But soon the battle-flash that darkness broke,
And soon, that dread repose, the peal awoke
Of loud artillery, and the dire alarms
Of mingling conflict, and the clash of arms.

Fate gave the word! and now by veterans led
In pride of chivalry, to conquest bred,
The foe advanced—intrenched, the champion band
Of Freemen stood, the bulwark of the land;
Fearless their stars unfurled, and, as the rock,
Storm-proof, they stood, impervious to the shock;
Their patriot Chief—with patriot ardour fired—
Nerved every hand, and every heart inspired;
Himself, in peril's trying hour, a host:
A nation's rescue and a nation's boast.

As near the bastion'd wall the invader drew
A storm of iron hail, to greet him flew;
On Havoc's wing the mission'd vengeance rode,
And whole platoons the scythe of Ruin mowed;
Through paths of blood, o'er undistinguished slain,

Unyoked, the hungry war-dogs scoured the plain:
Borne on the blast, the scattering bosom kept
It's course, and ranks on ranks promiscuous swept
The trophied Lion fell,—while o'er his foes
Unscathed, in arms supreme, the towering Eagle rose.

Sublime in majesty,—matchless in might—
Columbia stood, unshaken in the fight;
From lips of adamant, midst volumed smoke
And cataracts of fire, her thunders spoke
In triumph to the skies, from shore to shore
Old Mississippi shook, and echoed to the roar.

High on his sceptred perch, our mountain bird"
Midst the din, the shout of Victory heard,
Exulting heard, and from his eyry came
Through clouds of rolling dun, and sheets of flame;

Renown's immortal meed he bore, and spread
His ample pinions o'er the conqueror's head—
THE HERO OF THE WEST,—to him assigned
The glorious palm, and round his brows the guerdon twined.

The theatre closed for the season May 28th, 1825.

Although actively engaged in his profession in New Orleans, Caldwell was not unmindful of the interest of the drama elsewhere. The Huntsville theatre was now completed, and opened July 24th, 1826, with "Belle Stratagem," and "Spoil'd Child," and a prize address; the company only so-so, a Mr. Wilson the star. One curious item in a bill of the play struck us, as at least original.—

"Proceeds to be applied towards the discharge of debts, due workmen!"

Caldwell prefaced his benefit bill, with the following very satisfactory explanation, for making selections from the various plays of Shakespeare, in all of which, of course he played. "In offering the following novelty, Mr. Caldwell begs leave to say, that the idea is not original with him—a selection of this kind was first made and introduced, by the late John Palmer of Drury lane theatre, London, for his benefit; and such was its unexampled success, that the managers found it highly attractive for many subsequent nights. The selection now offered, it is presumed will be considered the choicest of the immortal bard's writings. Perhaps no five acts of that great man possess equal beauty of language—certainly no others are so completely independent of the remainder of the parts, as the following:—The fourth act, or trial scene of the Jew and Antonio, in the Merchant of Venice, is a complete story. The whole force of that wonderful invention of the poet's fancy, Mercutio, in the second part of the third act of Romeo and Juliet. The third act of Julius Caesar, in which is the death of Caesar, with the orations of Brutus and Anthony, is a complete story, and forms the entire subject of Voltaire's whole play in four acts." And the last act of Richard the Third is remarkable for being entirely distinct from the rest of the play, as it commences and ends with the battle of Bosworth field."

The company was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Rowe, Miss Placide, Mrs. Buxton,† Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Higgins, Miss Russell. Messrs. Caldwell, Wilson, Russell, Drummond, Gray, Jones, Sandford, Moore, Higgins, J. A. Still, Duffy, Murray, Lowry, &c.

THE ADDRESS.

In climes of the East, when dark tyranny's form
Rode in triumph aloft, on proud victory's storm,
The genius of freedom in agony wept
O'er the tomb where the Martyr of liberty slept,
Their relics in silent devotion she blest,
Then sought an asylum in climes of the West;
On the plains of Columbia, her stripes were
unfurled,

* The Semiramis of Voltaire, is a motley patchwork of the French manner, and mistaken imitation. It has something of Hamlet, and something of Clytemnestra and Orestes, but nothing of either of them as it ought to be.

† This lady adopted, and brought up Mrs. Rowe, who was an orphan, and if we mistake not, bore the name of Seymour, until her marriage with Mr. James Rowe. She died in Natchez, 1833.

And here she spoke thunders to tyranny's world!
The conflict o'er, the warring discords hush'd,
The tyrant fall'n, and his minions crush'd,
Oppression's requiem o'er his tomb is hung,
And freedom's triumph in hozanna's sung!
When the dread trumpet of the battle closed,
And fair Columbia safe in peace reposed;
The gleam of science in effulgence glowed,
On the wild land of liberty's abode.
'Twas here, that once the wandering Indian
stray'd,
Or slothful slumbered in the sylvan shade;
Quaffed the clear streamlet, as it pour'd along,
Or sung the burden of his heathen song;
His home—the valley—or the mountain cave,
The dreary forest—or the restless wave.
To bask unthoughtful, in the morning's beam,
Or trace the windings of the rolling stream,
Or vie in swiftness, with the fleetest hind,
Was the rich glory of the savage mind.
• • • •

But see how changed the Alabama's plain,
And how transformed are all its roving train;
See learning rising from the sage's dome,
And beam'd in brightness, o'er the heathen's
home:
See mind emerging from its moral night,
And claim its lineage from the "throne of light."
And here behold! the Drama's temple rise,
In the bright beauty of its varied dyes;
May circling halo's round its summit gleam,
And bursting visions round its altars stream.
May fancy here, on waving pinions fly,
And pour her light from every star on high;
Oh! fostering genius of the rising stage,
Display the treasures of thy classic page,
And here, oh! let the infant drama claim,
Thy glow celestial, and thy radiant flame;
Here let the tragic and the comic muse,
Mingle their crimson and their airy hues;
Disclose the horrors, or the hero's doom,
And weep in sorrow o'er the bloody tomb.
Here let young passion at thy altar stand,
But own the presence of stern reason's hand;
Improve his feelings, purify their flow,
Curb his loose fires, but let his ardor glow.
And here let knowledge, dignified and chaste,
And truth, and virtue, elegance, and taste,
Exclusive wit, amusive and refin'd,
Unfold their splendor, to the youthful mind.
Let mingling beauties round this circle move,
Like a bright vision in the dream of love,
And youth and wisdom, innocence and age,
Feast on the pleasures of the polished stage.

The theatre closed on the 2d of September, 1816. The company packed up their "all," and wended their way to Nashville, where they played a few nights, in their old temple, a "barn," until the new one was completed—which being under way, was opened on the 9th of October, 1816, in grand style, with a prize poem, (which we have not been able to procure.) The "Soldier's Daughter," and the farce of "Turn Out." The star, and a deserving one, for the season, was Miss Jane Placide. This establishment closed for the season, on the 23d of December.

Mr. Caldwell having leased a vacant building in St. Louis, Mo., with certain privileges, and having converted it into a theatre, he opened with a good company in that place, on the 27th of June, 1827. It has been mentioned somewhere, that this was the first regular dramatic corps, that had appeared in that place; among the list of names, we find that of Mrs. Tatnall, now justly celebrated as Mrs. Pritchard.

In 1819 there were two regular companies performing in St. Louis, at the same time; one under the management of Ludlow and Vos, and the other under that of Drake; Collins and Jones also made a season there. Mr. W. Turner had a company there much earlier. There were two theatres in St. Louis before the one occupied by Mr. Caldwell. But neither of the above named managers, had the great design in embryo, which in after years, rendered Caldwell's name so popular; it was always his object, to establish in every city a theatre, over which he alone was to have control—and to open them at regular and stated periods. This he accomplished

Having now established as it were a line of dramatic communication between the cities of New Orleans, St. Louis, Nashville and Huntsville, and preparing to take up his line of march along the shores of the Mississippi and Ohio, Caldwell returned with his company to Nashville. A Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Lear, and Mr. Sambrey, with Mr. and Mrs. Hartwig, (formerly Mrs. Tatnall,) added considerable strength to the talents of the company. We find that our old friend Gray was celebrated here for singing the "Hunters of Kentucky."

Mr. Caldwell anxious to gratify his audience, by procuring all the talent in the country, after much difficulty succeeded in getting Booth to visit Nashville; he made his first appearance in that city as "Bertram," on the 28th of November. The company consisted of Messrs Caldwell, Anderson, Gray, Russell, Sol. Smith, L. Smith, Lear, Sam Jones, Lowry, Higgins, Hartwig, Crampton, and McCafferty. Mesdames Hartwig, Rowe, Russell, Bloxton, Jones, S. Smith, L. Smith, Jackson, Higgins, Crampton, and Miss Russell. This, the reader acquainted with the Southern drama, will perceive was a most powerful company. Mr. Sol. Smith opened in the character of "Billy Lackaday." Mrs. Smith in that of "Diana Vernon."

A part of the above company was detached, and sent to perform a few nights in Russellville, Hopkinsville, and Clarksville, under the management of Mr. Sol. Smith.

The Natchez Theatre, opened on the 30th, of April, 1828, with the "Honey Moon," and "Of Age To-morrow." The following was the cast of the first piece:—

Duke Aranza,	Mr. Caldwell.
Rolando,	Mr. Russell.
Count,	Mr. L. Smith.
Jacques,	Mr. McCafferty.
Bethazar,	Mr. Anderson.
Lampedo,	Mr. Sol. Smith.
Juliana,	Mrs. Russell.
Volante,	Mrs. Rowe.
Zamor,	Mrs. Sol. Smith.
Hostess,	Mrs. Higgins.

When the curtain rose, there was but two scenes ready. After the first act, other scenes were put into their places, and so the play proceeded, the carpenters managing the scenery and wings for each act, while the curtain was down. "Of Age To-morrow," was cast as follows:—

Frederick,	Mr. Caldwell.
Molkins,	Mr. Russell.
Piffleberg,	Mr. Gray.
Lady Brumbuck, . .	Mrs. Higgins.
Maria,	Mrs. Russell.
Sophia,	Mrs. S. Smith.

William Tell was first performed at Natchez May 7th, 1828, William Tell by Mr. Palmer, Paul Pry was played by Mr. Russell. The theatre closed for the season, on July the first, 1828. They left for St. Louis, and opened there on the 19th of the same month, with "Town and Country," Reuben Glenroy, Mr. Anderson; Kit, Casey, Sol. Smith. The company consisted of James S. Rowe, (manager *pro tem.*) Anderson, Sol. Smith, Barry, L. Smith, McCafferty, Kearney, Palmer, Crampton, Cambridge and Higgins. Mesdames Rowe, S. Smith, L. Smith, Kenney and Crampton. During this season, the "Gambler's Fate," was produced with much success. The Theatre closed October 14th, with the musical drama of "Guy Mannering."

The theatrical campaign of 1828, in New Orleans, introduced J. B. Booth to her citizens, he played three engagements with immense success, at the American theatre, and afterwards performed Orestes twice, at the French theatre, to crowded houses. Sol. Smith played Delph, in "Family Jars," upwards of twenty nights. "The Bride of Abydos," was produced with great splendour. This season, like the preceding ones, was rich in variety, talent,

and the choice of pieces produced. The company at Nashville in the season of 1829, was strengthened by the following actors and actresses, many of whom have since reached an enviable height in the walks of the drama and others, gone to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns:"—Mr. Clarke, Mr. H. G. Pearson, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Fenno, Mr. Morton, Mr. Hosack, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lacombe, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Wand, and Mrs. Crooke.

The latter lady died in New Orleans, at the house of James H. Caldwell, Esq., in the summer of 1835. Her life had been an eventful one, we will not attempt even its outline. As Mrs. Entwistle, she was at one time acknowledged to be the best actress in the country. The southern reader will remember her better by the name of Crooke, and the lovers of the drama recall with pleasure her inimitable acting in the old English comedies, she was one of the few artists who assisted in restoring the rich tints of colour, which time and ignorance united had nearly destroyed, but a touch of the magic wand of genius, gives life and animation to the figures, and they bloom again in renewed colour and beauty. Such an artist was the lamented subject of this notice, many are the pictures genius drew, which are now fading and withering, beneath the harsh and unskillful touch of an ungifted votary.

THE DRAMA.

"For thee the bard shall draw from every clime,
The swelling triumph, and the curtained crime,
Death's moss grown gates unbar, the steeples wake;
Love's moonlight scene, war's crimson'd deed unfold,
And all the legends of the days of old."

Whatever difference may exist among the dramatic writers of the present day respecting the early history of the stage, they must all agree upon the one point, that its object was to perpetuate the arts, extend the literature, and preserve the emanations of those poets. What preserved the heroic poems of Tasso, and Cameons, but the powerful influence of the stage, it was that which conveyed to the multitude, these beauties and these excellencies. Shakespeare, the bard of Avon, never would have been appreciated to the extent he is, if it had not been for the stage; nor would Addison's name have stood as high in the annals of literary fame, had it not been for his tragedy of Cato. The drama is the life and soul of genius; it has thrown around creation a girdle of charming characters, studded with the riches-gems of the world—fame—honor, and glory! We need not call up the names of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and a host of others, nor mention the stern philosophic critics of their writings, Solon, Plato, and Socrates. The statuary of classic Greece still remain proud memorials of that age of genius, as do the productions of their poets to show the superiority of the drama over the prostituted and ephemeral writers of the present day. Then it was—

"As wove in fancy's loom,
Float on light visions round the poet's head."

The anathemas from the pulpit against theatrical representations would not now be so frequent if there were a standard of criticism established which would tend to give our theatres more of an intellectual character. It is not however our intention to enter in a detailed history of the stage, or trace its gradual decline, neither is it our purpose to furnish a synopsis of the various dramatic writers who have by their productions given to the drama, "a local habitation and a name" Aeschylus* is however to be considered as the creator of tragedy which sprung from him completely armed like Pallas from the head of Jupiter. He clothed it in a state of suitable dignity, which time through ages of republicanism, monarchies, powers, and dominions, has not deen able to lessen or destroy.

"He was the inventor of scenic pomp, and not only instructed the chorus in singing and dancing, but appeared himself in the character of a player,

* Eleuses gave birth to Aeschylus according to Stanley in the 63d Olympiad, or about 525 years before Christ.

he was the first who gave development to the dialogue, limit, plot, and incident to tragedy; his characters are drawn with a bold and fearless hand, and are justly celebrated for their marked and distinct features."

His *Agamemnon* is one of those pieces offered as the prize, and were called triologies. The poets did not contend for the prize with a single piece, but with three, which however were not always connected together; but differing in their subject as well as style. The three pieces of the trilogy of Æschylus are *Agamemnon*, the *Choephræ* or *Electra*, and the *Furies*; the subject of the first is the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, and his return from Troy; in the second Orestes avenges his father's death by killing his mother. "Sacto pius et sceceratus eadens." This deed, perpetrated from the most powerful motives, is repugnant however to nature and moral order. The *Furies* might be modernized, and dished up to suit the present age, being filled with mystic charms, wild choruses, and characteristic dancing. Æschylus belonged to the Pythagorean school and it is said, his object was to carry out its principles in the *Furies*. It had however a more alarming effect than the promulgating some peculiar system of Philosophy, for it is recorded "that it caused women to miscarry, and men and children were thrown into convulsions." There was no philosophy in this we should say. Æschylus had also his political views, the principal of which was the recommending the *Aeopagus*, an incorruptible yet mild tribunal in which the white pebble of Pallas in favor of the accused does honor to the humanity of the Athenians. The poet shows us the origin of an institution fraught with many blessings, in an immense circle of crimes.*

The era which followed the defeat of Xerxes has been designated as the brightest in the annals of Athens. It was at this period that Æschylus attained the summit of poetical reputation; and the tragic muse under his auspices; the favorite and popular amusement of the Athenians. Of the inexhaustible stores of the Greeks in the department of tragedy we only possess works of three of their tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and these in no proportion to their compositions. These three authors were selected by the Alexandrian critics as the foundation for the study of ancient Grecian literature, not because they alone were deserving, but because they afforded the best illustration of the various styles of tragedy. Of each of the two oldest poets we have seven remaining pieces; in these, however, we have, according to the testimony of the ancients, several of their most distinguished productions. Of Euripides we have a much greater number, and we might well exchange many of them for other works which are now lost; for example, the satirical dramas of *Achœus*, *Æschylus*, (*lost*) and those of Sophocles, and *Phrynicus*, and *Agathon*, whom Plato describes as effeminate, but sweet and affecting, and was a contemporary of Euripides, though somewhat younger.

Æschylus flourished in the first vigor of Grecian freedom, after its successful struggle, and he seems to have been thoroughly imbued with a proud feeling of the superiority which

* Thespis, of whom little is known more than the name, and who flourished in the age of Solon, added to the interest created by the choral songs and dances by introducing an ACTOR, whose office it was to recite during the pauses of the chorus verses in honour of any favorite hero, or in celebrating some popular, or ludicrous incident.

* I do not find this aim has ever been ascribed to Æschylus by the express testimony of any ancient writer. It is however not to be mistaken especially in the speech of Pallas beginning with the 680th. verse. This coincides with the account that in the very year when the piece was represented, Olympiad lxxxi, i, a certain Ephialtes excited the people against the *Aeopagus* which was the best guardian of the old and more austere constitution, and kept democratic extravagance in check. This Ephialtes was murdered one night by an unknown hand. The story of the sight of the terrible chorus of *Furies* throwing children into convulsions, and causing women to miscarry appears to me to be fabulous; a poet would hardly have been crowned, who had been the occasion of profaning the festival by such awful occurrences.—*Essay on the Grecian Drama.*

this struggle reflected on the nation to which he belonged. He was an eye witness of the greatest and most glorious event in the history of Greece, the overthrow and annihilation of the Persian hosts under Darius and Xerxes, and fought in the memorable battles of Marathon and Salamis with distinguished bravery; he was then in his thirty-fifth year. Such opportunities gave him a decided advantage over his competitors, and it has been well remarked by Georgias, the sophist, that Mars instead of Bacchus dictated his "SEVEN BEFORE THEMES"; a warlike vein gushes forth; the personal inclination of the poet for the life of a hero shines throughout with a dazzling lustre.

Sophocles was born at Codone, a village in Attica, about 497 before Christ; his father was a blacksmith, but did not neglect the education of his son, who at a very early age gave indications of extraordinary genius, and a remarkable aptitude for the higher branches of literature; at the same time he cultivated the accomplishment of music and dancing, in both of which he distinguished himself. He entered the army at an early age, and had the honor to serve under the great Pericles. Sophocles is supposed to have written one hundred and twenty tragedies. It is remarked that he never acted himself in any of his plays, as Æschylus and Euripides were accustomed to do, his voice being too weak and low for the stage, though he was always present at the representations, and received the applause of the audience. He was crowned twenty times. His first attempt as a dramatic writer was for a prize tragedy, celebrating the capture of Scyros, for which a yearly contest was instituted; this he gained—though Æschylus was one of the candidates.

One event in the life of this great man, we annex; it is taken from a short biography of his life, by Thomas Franklin, Esq. the celebrated translator of his seven plays, viz: *Ajax*—*Electra*—*Philoctetes*—*Antigone*—*Trachiniaz*—*Oedipus Tyrannus*—*Oedipus Coloneus*.—Speaking of Sophocles he says:—

"He was less fortunate in domestic life than in his public career. His children, disappointed in their eager wishes for his death, and solicitous for the immediate possession of his fortune, summoned him before the judges, at a very advanced age, representing him as in a state of dotage, and utterly incapable of conducting his affairs. The old man appeared in court to repel this charge, and producing the tragedy of *Oedipus Coloneus*, which he had just finished, asked the judges if the author of such a work could be justly taxed with insanity. The judges, indignant at the imputation which had been preferred against him, confirmed him in his rights; his ungrateful children were covered with shame and confusion, and all the people who were present conducted him home in triumph. His death at the age of 91, 406 years before the Christian era, is said to have been occasioned by excessive joy at obtaining a prize at the Olympic Games."

Franklin says of Sophocles:—"That he may be called the prince of ancient dramatic literature; his sentiments elegant, noble and sublime; his incidents natural, his diction simple; his manners and characters striking, equal, and unexceptionable."

Euripides was born on the island of Salamis; he was of noble birth and parentage. The life of this fine dramatic writer would be one of interest; he was the favorite of Archelaus king of Macedonia, and the personal friend of Sophocles. When the news of his death was brought to Athens, as Sophocles was about to exhibit one of his tragedies, he appeared in mourning and made his actors come on the stage without crowns. It is said of his writings—

He steeped in tears the piteous lines he wrote,
The tenderest bard that e'er impassion'd song.

Sophocles was followed by Euripides, by whom was made the final change in Greek tragedy. His works though much admired for their philosophical and moral merits, indicate a decline in the tragic art. It is true, they abound in scenes of tenderness, and are rich in lyrical beauties. But these, however, delightful when isolated lose

their charms, and with their charms the power to move the heart, if they be intermingled with pedantic and sophistical disquisitions.

"Euripides has been justly called the 'rhetorical tragedian.' His genius seemed rather to be stirred by the impulses of an elegant and technical philosophy, than enkindled by the glowing inspirations of the muse. Notwithstanding these defects, which his admirers would fain impute to the metaphysical schools in which he was educated he has redeeming excellencies which place him by the side of the immortal masters of the tragic art. With the last efforts of Euripides, tragedy expired in Greece, never more to be re-animated in that classic land. Lycurgus the orator, is said to have attempted at a subsequent day to awaken emulation, and thus to restore its lost spirit, by erecting brazen statues to the memory of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; but his exertions were in vain. Melompome, in the language of a French writer, had bid farewell forever to the scenes of her illustrious triumphs. We have collected these writers, and noticed some of their distinguishing traits, because tragedy was indebted to them exclusively for the character with which it was originally impressed. Of all those who aspired to glory in the same paths, they alone have been spared by the hand of time, and their works have universally been considered the most grand and beautiful manifestations of Grecian genius."

We have indulged more in the classic stage of the drama, than we had anticipated, it is a subject so rich and fertile, that the further we go, the more we are inclined to gratify our propensity to linger on the way. We will close this portion of our dramatic subject by a few short items of English theatrical history.

Blank verse was first employed in plays performed at the public theatres of London, about the year 1586.

Verses of ten syllables without rhyme were first composed in English by Lord Surry, in his translation of parts of the *Aeneid*, on the title page of which it is termed "a strange metre." The earliest instance of its application to the purpose of the drama was in the tragedy of *Ferrux* and *Porrex*, by Sackville and Norton, acted before the Queen in 1561.

The example was followed in 1566 in *Garcyn's Jocasta*, played at Gray's Inn, and at a still greater interval by Thomas Hughes, in his "Misfortunes of Arthur," represented before the Queen at Greenwich in 1587.

Christopher Marlowe, was the first poet who used blank verse in dramatic compositions performed in public theatres. "Tamburlaine," was the name of the first play in which the successful experiment was made; acted in 1587. Some attempts have been made to deprive Marlowe of this honor, by some writers, who give it to the author of a piece called "The Mad Priest of the Sun," and quote Greene as their authority."

The first English piece which appeared like a regular comedy was produced in 1552, by John Still, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells. It was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, it is entitled "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

The profession of a player became common and established during the reign of Edward IV.

In 1574 Queen Elizabeth gave authority to Thomas Burbage, and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of stage plays, during pleasure, in any part of England.

In 1603, the first year of king James' reign, a license was granted to Shakespeare and others authorising them to act plays, not only at their usual house the Globe, on the bank side, but in many other parts of the kingdom.

Shakespeare commenced as a dramatic writer in 1592.

Cicero says that Roscius was so attached to the stage when young, that he declared, when age should diminish his force, he would not abandon it, but make the music conform to the weakness of his voice; this actually occurred, for when advanced in years he still adhered to his favorite profession, and made the musicians play slower to suit his diminished powers.

The Dramatic Mirror, having now attained a large circulation, through all parts of the country, is the best medium now issued, of advertising all matters connected with the Stage.

First insertion, 4 cents a line.
Each subsequent do. 2 cents. do



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, December 25, 1841.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Dramaticus," has our thanks. His last communication will be published in our next, and we will endeavour to make room for his excellent Biographies at the earliest opportunity. We gave our reason for their non appearance, in a note to correspondents some time since. Dramaticus is one, we should judge, well versed in the old English Dramatic history, and evidently possesses relish for that golden age when it was truly said—"The drama ruled supreme."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Come, bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts, desiring.

Herrick's Hesperides.

Christmas Day is so called from the Latin, *Christie Missa*, the Mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic Lethury is termed Missal, or Mass Book. About the year 500, the observation of this day became universal in the Catholic Church. Christmas was called Midwinter by the Saxons.

The custom of annual donations at Christmas and New Year's day, is very ancient, being copied from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed.

The first traces that are to be found of the celebration of the festival of Christmas, dated in the second century, about the time of the Emperor Commodo; but whether it was always observed on the 25th of December, is a matter of doubt. Some writers are of opinion that it was first kept by the Eastern Church in January, and confounded with the Epiphany, [until the error was revealed by the Western or Latin Church. St. Chrysostom affirms that it was more than ten years prior to the times, when Christmas was first celebrated on that day, in the church of Antioch.

Every nation has some peculiar mode of celebrating this day—feasting, revelling, masks, pageants, &c., characterises more particularly the English people. On the vigil, or preceding Eve of Christmas, it was customary, with our ancestors, to light up candles of an uncommon size, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a yule-log, to illuminate the house, and as it were, turning night to day.

Christmas was considered by our ancestors, in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by devotions, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body around them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played, served as amusements to the lords of the mansion and his family, who by encouraging every act conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter."—*The World*, No. 104.

The hobby horse, the mummeries, the morris dancers, the lord of misrule, the other merry sports, and pastimes that gave zest to the feast, and accelerated the circulation of the "wassail bowl," at this, the great festival of the year.

Among the Ancient Romans, the laurel was an emblem of peace, joy, and victory, whence it has been conjectured we have taken the custom of dressing up our houses with laurels as an emblem of joy for the victory gained over the powers of darkness, and of that peace on earth, and good will towards men which the angels sang over the fields of Bethlehem.

Wright, in his History of Dublin, tells us, that at Christmas, "every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holly, ivy, and bay, and whatever the season of the year afforded."

One of our ancient historian says, that when Druidism prevailed, the priests caused their temples and houses to be decorated with evergreens in December, in order that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unimpeded by cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes.

For ample account of various customs and ceremonies practiced at Christmas, in ancient times, we beg to refer the reader to "*Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities*."

In 1378, the ancient history of the old Testament was dramatised for the Christmas Holidays, and was produced under the immediate direction of the clergy.

Ben Jonson's "*Mask of Christmas*," was very popular on Holidays.

In 1521, as Warton tells us—Wyndyn de Worde printed a set of Christmas carols, which were sang and recited by the Mummers, who paraded the streets on Christmas Eve.

The solemnities generally commenced after midnight when these masses were sung by the Priests—

This done, a wooden child in clowtes is on the altar set,
About which boys and girls do dance and nimble jet,
And carols sing in praise of Christ, and for to help
them heare,
The organ answers every verso with sweet and
solemn cheare,
The priests do roar aloude, and round about the
parents stand,
To see the sport, and with their voice do help them
and their hande.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA, MORALITY &c.

The progress of the legitimate drama has made the most powerful inroads upon the immoral tendency which marked its career some twelve months back. The career of an actor is now the passport to public favor, and critical notice. The begrimed mountebank, cowards beneath the lash of the critic's pen, as well

as the opinion of the public. To elevate the drama, is to remove the tendrils of vice which have entwined themselves around it. To give it a character, is to destroy the rottenness which is cankering at its roots. To render it respectable is to make those who have it in charge equally so in a moral point of view—until this be done, that diversity of opinion which exists upon the moral tendency of the play house, can never be reconciled. The enemies of the drama have the strongest arguments on their side—one word from them upon that subject would stop us, though we had as many mouths as Hydra.

ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(Concluded.)

There is no subject more replete with romantic interest, with room for philosophic inquiry, materials for the qualification of antiquarian research, and mete food for the poetic mind, than the Drama; it embraces philosophy, poetry, and romance, in its ample scope; and the student, he who enters upon the wide field of research, with that love of his subject which ought to animate every one who devotes his pursuit to any particular object, cannot fail to derive unspeakable delight from the perusal of the imperishable works of those older dramatic bards, who, having shed a brilliant light over their own generation, cast a more sober, but an equally vivid reflection upon ours.

The first rudiments of the drama are very similar in every country. The dithrambic hymn to Bacchus bear a resemblance to our mysteries and what was the car of Thespis more than those stages on which these mysteries and moralities, and other pageants were performed?

It is probable that in England, dramatic representations were revived at a period as early as in any nation in Europe, probably earlier. Wm. Fitz Stephen, a Canterbury monk, who wrote his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*, probably about 1174, certainly before 1186, says "London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatres, has plays of a more holy subject, representation of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyr did appear." It thus appears that there were at this early period two species of theatrical entertainment, viz. interludes, which, as the worthy monk contrasts them with the other species, were probably of a secular cast; and miracle plays, which, there is no doubt, were the mysteries that afterwards became so popular. Strutt imagines that the interludes were older than the miracle plays; and says they were "acted by strolling companies, composed of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, bordoins, or jesters, and other persons properly qualified for the different parts of the entertainment, which admitted of a variety of exhibitions." He suggests, that the gaws made by these itinerants excited the curiosity of the monks, and induced them, and other "ecclesiastics to turn actors themselves, in order to have a share of public bounty." But as they could not perform in secular plays without great scandal, "they took the subject of their dialogues from Holy Writ, and played them in their churches." A clerical writer of the period seems to attribute the introduction, or the patronage, of religious plays by the clergy, to the immorality of the interludes.

The first trace of theatrical representation in England, is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, and relates that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the abbey of Donstable, composed the play of St. Catherine, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey's performance took place in the year 1110, and he borrowed copies from the sacrist of the neighboring abbey of St. Albans, to dress his characters. Besides those old Coventry, there are MSS. of the Chester mysteries, ascribed to Rannalp Higden, compiler of the Polychronicon, and a Benedictine monk of that city, where they were performed at the expense of the incorporated trades, with a thousand days of pardon from the pope, and forty days of pardon from the bishop of Chester, to all who attended the representation, which is supposed to have been first had in the year 1328.

At London, in the year 1556, the "Passion of Christ" was performed at the Grey Friars, before the Lord mayor, the privy council, and many great estates of the realm. In 1577, the same play was performed at the same place, on the day that war was proclaimed in London against France; and in that year, the holiday of St. Olava, the patron of the church in Silver street, dedicated to that saint, being celebrated with great solemnity, at eight o'clock at night, a play of the "Miraculous Life of St. Olave," was performed for four hours, and concluded with many religious plays. The acting of the religious plays experienced interruption during the reign of Elizabeth, and occasionally at periods. Malone thinks that the last mystery represented in England, was that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of King James I. Prynne relates that it was performed at Ely house, in Holborn when Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, lay there, on Good Friday at night, and that thousands were present.

Whoever they were written by, these mysteries were, as the prologue sets forth, regularly represented at Chester at Whitsuntide; and they were considered "to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people on the most important subjects of religion, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably" to their representation." "And this indulgence was seconded by the bishop of the diocese, who granted forty days of pardon; the pope at the same time denounced the sentence of damnation on all those incorrigible sinners, who presumed to interrupt the due celebration of these pious sports."

The earliest patent for acting comedies and tragedies is dated 1574; and such was the rapid progress of the rational amusement, that early in the next century, not less than fifteen licensed theatres were opened to the inhabitants of London. The best plays, especially those of Shakspeare, were acted chiefly at the Blackfriar's theatre, or at the Globe in Southwark. A flag was hoisted on the front of each theatre. The price of admission to the best place was a shilling, to the inferior ones a penny or two pence. The critics sat on the stage, and were furnished with pipes and tobacco. The curtain drew not up, but was drawn back on each side. From the railery of Sir Philip Sidney, it is doubtful whether there was a change of scenes. It is probable this deficiency was supplied by the names of places being written in large characters

on the stage; stating, for instance, that this was a wood, a garden, Thebes, Rome, or Alexandria, as the case might require. The stage was lighted with branches like those hung in churches. Before the exhibition began, three flourishes, sounding, or pieces of music were played; and music was likewise played between the acts. Perukes and masks formed part of the stage paraphernalia; and the female parts for the first hundred years were performed by young men. One dramatic piece composed the whole entertainment; and the hours of acting began at one in the afternoon, and lasted about two hours. The audience, before the performance, amused themselves with reading or playing at cards; others drank ale or smoked tobacco. For some time plays were acted on Sundays only; after 1579, they were acted on Mondays and other days indiscriminately.

Such continued the state of the drama till the civil war, when it was opposed by the puritans, a race of men morose, stern, and inflexible. During the interregnum it flourished with difficulty; and by unceasing obloquy and reproach, was at first persecuted into unpopularity, and at length to extinction. It revived at the Restoration, and in 1660 Charles II. licensed two companies, Killigrew's and Davenant's. From this period it continued gradually to improve in interest and importance, till at length it attained its present state of perfection.

ANECDOTES AND FACETIA OF THE STAGE.

I remember well the first time I met with Jack Harley, that genuine son of Momus, who was wont to set the table in a roar, and still enacts to the life, the many parts which eccentric comedy in her whim for broad humor has assigned to him. Harley was a young man at the time, a theatrical servant of all-work alternating in Richmond, and Robin Roughhead, the occasional Beverly in the tragedy of the Gamester, and Lord Grizzle in Tom Thumb.

I was upon a visit in Arundel in Sussex, at the time I am alluding to, and partaking of a late breakfast, when a rather singular looking fellow with a roll of printed papers under his arm entered the apartment, sans ceremonie, and with a grotesque bow, and a singular leer of the eye, with a most obsequious and beseeching smile, approached, and thrusting into my hand a paper before I could have time to inquire the purpose of his visit, addressed me with, "Bill of the play, your honor—to-morrow night.—Little Hampton,—Trotter's company—hope for your honor's patronage." I could not help smiling at the significant gesture accompanying each passage of his short and trite address. "Are you one of the company," I inquired; "I have the honor," was his reply. "Is your name in the bill?" "My name in the bill!" he exclaimed, bridelling up, and attempting to suppress a mixture of indignation with astonishment. "My name in the bill, sir—my name—hump—there sir!"—pointing to the bill—"Harley—Mr. Harley, at your service." The dignity of poor Jack was wounded—however, I apologised, and visited the theatre on the following evening, to witness the massacre of Hamlet. Hamlet in brown smalls, and a patched garniture, was enacted by the manager himself, measuring six foot three, and scarce an eagle talons round

the waist. My friend, the facetious Bill Sticker alias, Mr. Harley, played the *Ghost*, doubled with *Laertes*, and by way of filling up the gaps of a slender company, enacting the Queen Mother, which was cut out in all the scenes with Laertes. It was an incomparable farce, and would in itself have suggested to Poole his excellent travestie. Harley's salary was fifteen shillings per week, provided the receipts justified such a dividend. It was no sinecure—our friend, facetious Jack, united with the profession of an actor, box-book and house-keeper, scene painter, bill sticker, &c., &c. In two years after this, my first introduction, our hero made his first bow to a London audience at the English Opera House in the character of Pedrillo in the Castle of Andalusia, and from that period to the present, has sustained his rank with the first low comedians of the stage.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.—On Monday evening, the manager produced the new comedy of "What Will the World Say?" written by Mark Lemon, Esq. This is decidedly a fashionable comedy, intended to expose some of the vices of society. The author, however, has rather sketched than drawn his characters, still the outlines are so exquisitely touched that the grouping of them rivets attention.

The principal feature of the comedy is Captain Tarradiddle, which was most admirably played by Richings. It is a character not unlike Dazzle, in London Assurance, and he is introduced to the audience under almost similar circumstances. The original of this personage is to be found in the Nicholas Nick'eb'y of "Boz," for in Tarradiddle, we recognise Mr. Mantilini.

Mr. Warner, by Mr. Wood, was excellent, and Mr. Abbot looked and acted the Young Barrister, (Pye Hilary) as well as a man of fifty could possibly do it.

Mr. Charles and Miss Kneas having to play by themselves, without scarcely any thing to say or do with the rest, made the most of their time, and got married, at least they said so, and we were bound to believe them.

Mr. T. Placide's *Nibble*, was a perfect bite. Mr. Eberle's *Gabble* was expressed in a few words. The Lord Norwold, by Anderson, a mediocre performance.

Mrs. Sefton, as Lady Norwold, was the fine dashing spendthrift the author intended her, a second Lady Teazle, in every sense of the word. Marian Mayley, by Miss Hildreth, was very good—a little more vivacity, and this young lady is an actress.

Mrs. Tarradiddle, by Mrs. Marsden, is the comet of the piece. She appears once—shines—and goes out. Tattle, by Mrs. Thayer, was the impersonation of a busy, tattling, manouvering maid of all work.

Mrs. Rogers, as Mrs. Dearpoint, appears in a short gown and petticoat, lets her rooms to Pye Hilary, (Mr. Abbot,) and vanishes from sight, petticoat and all.

The scenery and stage appurtenances are really beautiful. The first scene, view of the Mall of St. Jame's Park, called down five rounds of applause, it took the audience by surprise, and reflects credit on the artist.

On Wednesday evening our old friend Mr. Faulkner's complimentary benefit came off. We hope he reaped a golden harvest, although we place little or no reliance on big names stitched to the end of a play bill. We go in for dollars and cents—cash down, no grumbling. The old gentleman complimented us with a ticket, the beauty of which attracted our attention particularly.

Mr. E. S. Connor did not forget that we are the great *de-barred*. For his sake the National was honoured with our presence. Not so with J. R. Scott, he proved totally oblivious to this fact.

THE NATIONAL.—

"The Morality of the Stage!"

N. S. A. P.

* * * *

ARCH ST. THEATRE.—The genius of this establishment has awakened from its slumber, and promises to preside over the destinies of its temple with more energy, and power than it was wont. We perceive that Mr. Foster is engaged in the getting up of some new spectacles, the first of which is entitled the "Bronze Horse," once so popular at the Walnut. The manager promises us a variety of melo-dramatic pieces, which, with additions to his company, must necessarily attract good houses. While speaking of this theatre, it strikes us that the "Up town boys and girls should patronise it. The Northern Liberties it is true, has never boasted of a theatre suitable to the character and intelligence of its citizens—still it does not follow that they are not the advocates of the drama, and we think that if a good temple for the histrionic muse, erected some where in the neighbourhood of Green Street, would be encouraged. But as no such one exists, the Arch Street theatre is therefore the first point of attraction.

WALNUT STREET.—Nothing at this establishment of a character entitled to special notice—poor pieces and poor houses have been the consequence. Andrew Jackson Allen, has written a piece entitled "Old Ironsides," which was played on Christmas eve. We should like very much to know, if he is called after Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans—they must have been boys together.

THE CIRCUS.—Fun—fashion—frolic—fortune—forever!!!! Hervio Nano was a new feature in the ring this week, he certainly is more at home here, than playing speaking parts on the stage; in one he is really good, in the other ridiculous.

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE.—On Friday evening last, the long expected serio pantomime ballet of the Gipsy, was produced at this theatre, introducing Fanny Elssler in the character of Zarah, the Gipsey. It was well got up, powerfully cast, that is to say, with all the effective strength of the house, and has been rendered powerfully attractive. We question much however, whether this kind of performance will ever become popular. It is a species of performance requiring very extraordinary and peculiar powers—it is a study by which language is conveyed by action, and unless that action is forcibly eloquent, all of interest must fail. Fanny Elssler is not a pantomimist of the first order. Her Zarah wanted the force

which it required for its prominence in the scene—still Fanny Elssler is Fanny Elssler, the beauty of her person, the loveliness of her countenance, and the gracefulness of her carriage, lends a charm to all she does, defying failure.

We believe the success of Elssler's Zarah, the Gipsey leads to a renewal of her present engagement.

COLUMBUS.—Morton's successful play is to be revived at this theatre, for the Christmas holidays.

Fanny Kelly's arrival is almost daily expected. Her's is the next Park appearance.

THE BOWERY.—The spectacle of Napoleon, continues to draw good houses to this theatre. But the manager in order to make assurance doubly sure, has brought out Mrs. Shaw in several of her favourite characters, in addition to its attraction. Mrs. Shaw is always a good card at this house.

THE CHATHAM.—Thorne's New York Assurance is drawing good houses; but we must tell friend Thorne, his is not the best house for successful travestie. He must leave that business alone. Mitchell manages those matters infinitely better at the Olympic.

ITEMS.

Speed the Plough, was most admirably performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, on last Saturday evening, being for the benefit of Mr. H. Placide. This gentleman's Farmer Ashfield was a most chaste and natural piece of acting. Mr. Wood's Sir Philip Blandford was a perfect gem, in fact, we never enjoyed one of the old comedies with more real pleasure than we did on this occasion.

A young man by the name of Reeves has appeared at the Arch street theatre, in several Irish characters, with the most marked success. There are indications of genius in his style of acting—and the peculiar brogue of the Irish, which, if properly cultivated will establish for him an enviable fame in the profession. In England, such a *debut* would be the subject of universal remark.

Mrs. Seston is at the Chestnut.

It is not fashionable in Charleston to frequent the theatre in the early part of the season, consequently the houses at first are unusually bad. Guy Mannering was announced the other night there, and a slight shower of rain coming on, the theatre closed for want of an audience!

Fanny Elssler has refused to pay the forfeit of 60,000 francs, awarded against her for non fulfilment of engagements at the Academie Royale; and the director has proceeded to seize the property of the fair danseuse in Paris.

Park Benjamin is the author of a new drama, about to be produced at the Olympic, under the title of *Woman as she would be*.

Mrs. Sutton with all the Italian corps of vocalists are gone to Havana. We consider Mrs. Sutton would have been desirable at the Park, in the production of Operas—but it appears the Seguins are a bar to her engagement.

T. P. Cooke is anxious to know more of the state of theatricals in America, than he can glean from conflicting testimony of his brother professionals. Cooke is half resolved to make a venture.

Farren says he should like to see America, if he could go by land carriage.

Fanny Kelly, it is expected, will leave England by the first steamer in January.

We are in possession of a letter from the old land, wherein it appears that Ellen Tree, Charles Kean, and Anderson, conjointly propose a speculative trip to our shores. They intend embarking about the middle of May, and will make no engagement previous to their arrival.

J. M. Scott, with his company, a tolerably fair one, is now at Natchez.

New Orleans.
Thorne is playing Mr. Sampson Jones, at the American Theatre.

The Ravelles are playing at the French Theatre, Miss Wells dancing "the Cracovienne."

Mons. Addratt, the musician, is astonishing the citizens of the second municipality.

Baron Hackett is playing at Caldwell's theatre, New Orleans.

Master Diamond has been liberated from prison in New Orleans, and has resumed his avocations.

London Assurance was produced at the American, N. O., on Sunday, the 12th inst. for the first time; with all the usual display of furniture, appointments, &c.

Hackett has left New Orleans for Mobile.

Will our correspondent inform us what has become of Radcliff?

G. W. Harby Esq. has sent his Indian play to E. Forrest.

HITS, &c.

Hamblin is getting up the Naiad Queen in most splendid style. If Mrs. Shaw plays the Queen, this piece will be a hit—think of it, Thomas.

Thorne's New York Assurance is "a hit, a most palpable hit."

A new Circus has been started in Bleeker Street. Rockwell is the equestrian manager. We purpose visiting it when we feel inclined to travel.

We fear manager Simpson, in producing Columbus, as one of the novelties of the season, will not make as much noise in the world as Columbus did in discovering the continent.

Not even in the great city of London can be found such an extensive assortment of Plays, as we have always on hand at our Stores in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and New Orleans.

At the conclusion of our 25th Number, we shall issue No. 1. Volume II. of the Dramatic Mirror, the best and, only strictly theatrical paper ever published in the United States.

A THEATRICAL ROW.

The Richmond Compiler states that during the performances in that city a night or two ago, a difficulty arose between Mr. Buckstone and one of the stock actors, by which the performance was cut short. Mr. B. left the stage in a passion, declaring that he had been maltreated repeatedly by the company. Amid cries for the performance to go on Mr. Lambert came forward and announced that Mr. Buckstone declined concluding the farce. He stated moreover, that he considered him decidedly in the wrong, and that he should not appear in the Theatre again. This announcement was received with loud applause by the audience, who justly regarded the conduct of Mr. Buckstone as an insult to themselves, as well as to the management.

Since the above was in type, we perceive that Buckstone has apologized, and has been taken again into favor.

CINCINNATI.

Messrs Dinneford and Logan have taken the National theatre in this place and opened it on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. with the comedy of "The School for Scandal," and "Charles II." The strength of the company can be better formed by giving the cast of the comedy, which we annex. The theatre has been newly painted, decorated, &c., for the occasion, and no improper person of any description admitted into the house—"So much for the queen city."

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle,	.	.	Mr. Logan.
Charles Surface,	.	.	Mr. Jamison.
Joseph Surface,	.	.	Mr. Neafie.
Sir Benjamin Backbite,	.	.	Mr. Hunt.
Crabtree,	.	.	Mr. Herbert.
Rowley,	.	.	Mr. Johnson.
Moses,	.	.	Mr. Kelley.
Sir Oliver Surface,	.	.	Mr. Atemus.
Trip,	.	.	Mr. Russel.
Servant,	.	.	Mr. Fisher.
Lady Teazle,	.	.	Mrs. Hunt.
Mrs. Candor,	.	.	Miss E. Logan.
Maria,	.	.	Miss Edson.
Lady Sneerwell,	.	.	Mrs. Logan.

The entire performance went off with rapturous applause; Logan, Jamison, Neafie, and Mrs. Hunt were excellent. Miss Logan, though very young, bids fair to become an excellent actress—Mrs. Candor is a part not at all suited to her powers, yet she rattled through it with such spirit that at once stamped her a decided favourite.

Charles II. was most admirably performed; Mrs. Hunt as Mary Copp, looked beautiful, sang sweetly, and acted charmingly.

Sig. Capuano played a solo on Coronet a Piston: such a performance has never before delighted the citizens of the queen city—the effect was truly astonishing.

Since the opening, we have had the "Hunchback," "Heir at Law," the "Stranger," &c., all admirably performed. The houses have been good, and would have been crowded had not the weather been remarkably disagreeable.

J. S. Browne is underlined—"London Assurance," is in preparation. Dinneford is a "go-ahead," fellow,—he must and will succeed.

Scott has two theatres open—one at Vicksburg, and one at Natchez.

Coleman still keeps the Louisville theatre open, but with what success I cannot say. Silsbee at Columbus, is not doing much.

BALTIMORE.

London Assurance had a successful run, and no doubt proved quite a card to the management. Will our correspondent be more punctual, as we are anxious to receive as well as record the doings of theatricals in the monumental city.

From our Correspondent.

BOSTON, Dec. 21st, 1841.

The Tremont theatre re-opened last night, with London Assurance, with the following cast:—

Sir Harcourt,	-	Mr. Gilbert.
C. Courtly,	-	Mr. Creswick.
Dazzle,	-	Mr. J. M. Field.
Spanker,	-	Mr. S. Johnson.
Meddle,	-	Mr. W. F. Johnston.
Max Harkaway,	-	Mr. Andrews.
Cool,	-	Mr. ——.
Lady Gay,	-	Miss C. Cushman.
Grace,	-	Miss J. M. Field.
Pert,	-	Miss A. Fisher.

The theatre was filled from pit to dome, to see the comedy brought out at this house. The manager having given Pelby the run of the piece for three weeks; the National company is better suited for the piece with one or two exceptions.

Miss Cushman was well received; as she is a native of Boston, she appeared perfectly at home, and played Lady Gay Spanker admirably. Sir Harcourt, by Gilbert was very bad, we never saw him to such a disadvantage; the character had better been played by Johnston, but he did the author justice by his impersonation of Meddle; Johnston is an immense favorite at this theatre. Dazzle by J. M. Field, was played in good taste, and appeared to give general satisfaction. Andrew's Max Harkaway was excellent, he entered the spirit of the character. Mr. S. Johnson's Spanker was a mere stick in the part. Grace, Mrs. J. M. Field, was a very good performance, and acted in fine style. We earnestly hope the piece may amply repay the managers for the expence they have spent, in producing it.

The National brought out a piece last night, which they name "North and West, or the Exploring Expedition." We know nothing of its merits.

The friends of the late Mrs. Proctor, had a meeting on Saturday night, to set apart a time for the benefit of the four orphans. The 30th of December has been fixed upon. The manager has, in the kindest manner volunteered the use of the theatre gratis, and the company has volunteered their services. We anticipate a crowded house on the occasion.

It is rumoured that the last lessee and manager of the Tremont, J. S. Jones, intends building a theatre, next spring in the vicinity of Court St.; if he does it will be patronised, for he is indeed one of nature's geniuses, and possesses talent and enterprise, so much so, that he has written a play in forty eight hours that had a long run.

W. Barrymore is engaged at the Tremont to produce some new fairy pieces, he understands his business.

For the Dramatic Mirror.
THE ADVENTURES OF SIMPEY.
CHAPTER VIII.

Some loose thoughts—Brief and the Newspaper—The Discovery—Its Consequences—The longest Chapter in the Book.

The city of Philadelphia, like all large cities abounds with those curses which bring ruin and desolation on our land: curses—never uttered—but so insidiously heaped upon those who seek the temples wherein they preside, that they cling with as much tenacity to their victim as if they were anathematized from the pulpit. *Wemane Grogshops.* In one, claiming a higher grade by the title of *Inn*, were seen a number of coarse ill-looking men; some with their toes peeping from an apology for shoes, others whose hats were rimless, some whose elbows were out, and exposed the bare skin. There were also others, of a somewhat different character, to be seen; men with the bearing of gentlemen, who were calling the deep damning curse upon their heads, "e'en at the glasses mouth." It was mixed assembly, and the hour was eleven! In one corner of the room, seated at a table, sipping his glass of brandy, was our old acquaintance Brief; before him lay the morning paper, upon which ever and anon he cast an eye more from vacuity of mind than thirst after information. "To be thus tricked by a boy—curses on his head. Fool—idiot that I was, to leave the box in the room. What am I to do? He must be found and silenced, that's plain. But where? Ah! there's the rub. We have traced him into the city—but that is like a Crete. Let me see—let me see—I will go to the house of refuge. Ah! what is this?" At that moment his eye caught something in the newspaper.

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD!"

"Ranaway from the subscriber, on the night of the 16th inst., an indentured apprentice by the name of William Nixon. It is supposed that he was decoyed away by another apprentice from

the country, who came to the house late at night under the pretence of fatigue. As my apprentice was receiving the benefit of the Gospel in my house, it is hoped that all good people will look out for this stray sheep from the fold of the Lord!

R. LOVE, Tailor.

"Philadelphia, 18**."

It is a curious fact in the history of man, that he can reason himself into the doctrine of the morality of vice, and the actual necessity of crime. It is useless to say, that on the same principle he can make himself believe that he is a saint—this is no difficult matter, nor did Mr. Love so consider it. The knowledge of his being a disciple of Christ was thrust upon him by the world; and he, not being very sceptical, never doubted its truth. Love was, in the eyes of the world, one of the elect! He was a regular attendant at all meetings, and the outpouring of the spirit, he was a communicant—a full member of church. And yet Love was a bad, malicious man—destitute alike of charity, humanity, and in fact all the attributes of religion.

It was night. The lamps of the city were out, and the winter moon arose clear and beautiful, the pale silvery light of which scattered its gems along the streets; and never did a city look so clean and so beauteous as it did on that night. How lovely is a city at night. Its long lanes of houses, narrowing in the perspective, and extending so far that the eye is lost in the distance, and rests upon some other object. Then comes the deep-toned bell sounding the hour—the howling of some watch dog. Occasionally the solemn silence is broken by the distant cannon, answering some signal still farther off. The watchman, with "his past ten o'clock"—and the deep mutterings of some homeward-bound sot—give to a city at night a solemn, though not un-romantic appearance. To Brief, all these were lost; his soul was bent on one object,—the recovery of Simpey. Here was a clue to him. He had no doubt the runaway from the country alluded to was the same. And again the residence of Love was at the conjunction of the Ridge road and Ninth street, to which he was now wending his way. That holy family were talking of the mysteries of *revealed religion*, in which, by the way, there is no mystery. Religion is not a theme for a sinner; it is a holy and devout subject, fit only for the Apostles to teach, and the virtuous to utter. Alas! it is not the case. There are those who attempt to expound the holy word to the children of men, who are but poor specimens of those who in olden times went about preaching—but we are digressing. The family of the Loves were disturbed in their religious disquisition mixed up with price of coals, cloth, and the reduction of journeymen's wages, and William the runaway, when, as we have said, they were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. It was Brief. The story was soon told—but such a story. Simpey, he said, had robbed him of that worth thousands!—so far truth—he was a notorious little scoundrel. A groan from Mrs. Love, and the exclamation "Poor William! how I loved that boy!" He had robbed an old cake woman of money—he had whipped a boy by the name of Smith almost to death—and, to conclude, robbed him, Brief, of a large amount of available funds. Another groan from Mrs. Love, and a peculiar glance from the elder Miss Love to the narrator, which was followed up by another, and a whisper in her sister's ear—

"I wonder if he is a married man?"

(To be Continued.)

POPULAR SONGS.

CAN'T I DO THE THING.

AS SUNG BY THOMAS H. HADAWAY.

With rapturous applause in the successful drama of "Rookwood."

TUNE—"The Great Sea Snake."

In a cell of a prison I was born,
And my daddy as I've heard say,
Of a hempen widow was the child forlorn,
He was a lad who cut capers gay;
The last caper he cut was on Tyburn tree,
By Jack Ketch's hempen string,
And the remarkable words he said to me—
(Was Jerry) "Can't I do the thing?"
To the tune of hearty-choke with caper-sauce,
He found out the time of day,
His last exit was made 'midst much applause,
And he's left me to fight my way.
For smoking a pipe or drinking a glass,
To frolic, dance and sing,
Or making love to a cherry cheek'd lass,
Oh, "can't I do the thing?"
True, I'm but a bundle of rags,
Only fit for the paper mill,
Let me lay hold of the money bags,
And I soon will work my will;
I can drink a glass with a very good grace,
Whether a brandy or gin sling,
And my gals will say as they look in my face,
(Jerry) "Oh, can't he do the thing?"

DRAMATIC CHIPS.

PICKED UP ON THE WAY.

SHAKESPEARE.—The play of "Titus Andronicus," Shakespeare's first attempt, is supposed to have been written in 1589, when the poet was 25 years of age; and his last, "The Twelfth Night," is finished in 1614. Forty-three plays have been attributed to Shakespeare, but seven of these have been rejected as not written by him. He died at his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, on the 23d. of April, 1616, in the 53d. year of his age.

FIRST PLAY BILL OF DRURY LANE.—By his Majesty's Company of Comedians, at the New Theatre, in Drury Lane, this day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663, will be acted a comedy called,

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King, . . .	Mr. Wintersel.
Demetrius, . . .	Mr. Hart.
Scevius, . . .	Mr. Byrt.
Leontius, . . .	Major Mohyn.
Lieutenant, . . .	Mr. Glyn.
Celia, . . .	Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at three o'clock precisely. Boxes, 4s; pit, 2s. 6d.; middle gallery, 1s. 6d.; upper gallery, 1s.

Music was considered by the authors of antiquity, as salutary in softening the manners, in promoting civilization, in reciting or repressing the passions, and in the cure of various diseases.

A gentleman recently returned from the country, where he witnessed a performance by some of the sons of Thespis, his curiosity led him behind the scenes, and observing a motto from Horace painted on the curtain, told the manager he was happy to observe he had received a good education, and was acquainted with Horace. "No, sir," replied the learned manager, "I never went farther than the Rule of Three."

Lucian says that Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or 581L 5s. for a flute at Corinth.

HINTS UPON ACTING.

Drawn up and approved by a committee of modern players.

If you have to play a gentleman, and wish to give due effect to the character, swagger about the stage as much as possible, and take good care to let the audience see that you are not blind to the beauties of fine linen, for

which purpose let your action be diversified, by tugging every now and then at the wristbands of your shirt. This is a thing which will prove that you have been accustomed to fashionable life.

If supposed to make a morning call upon a lady, or to have been promenading, never make your appearance but in a long pair of gilt spurs, the clacking of which had better be heard previous to your entrance. It will ensure you a reception; as a proof of which, witness the acclamation with which Mr. Cooper used to be hailed when in Richmond; his Birmingham ware gave signal of his approach.

If you have a side speech to make, upon which the whole plot of the piece depends, and which, from being withheld from a certain person, defers the *dénouement*, the only way to do justice to the author and yourself is to look the afore-mentioned person full in the face, and bawl the words loudly in his ear.

When Corri, the composer, lived at Edinburgh, he happened one Sunday to pass by the Tron church while the congregation were singing psalms; confounded at the discordant sound, he asked a man with a long puritanical face, what was going on, what was the matter? The other, astonished at the question, answered, that the people were praising God Almighty. "Santa Maria!" exclaimed Corri, shrugging up his shoulders, "God Almighty must have one very bad ear."

Sheidan's wit sparkled to the last. When he was on his death-bed he was earnestly recommended to suffer an operation, but premptorily refused, saying, that he had submitted to two operations in his life-time, and that was enough for any man. Being asked what operations they were, he added, sitting for a portrait, and having his hair cut.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

As this extraordinary personage has long been the theme, not only of children's early study and terror, and as no afterpiece had ever greater run than that splendid and popular musical entertainment, which bears the title of "Blue Beard," it may be gratifying to our readers to peruse the character of that being who really existed, and who was distinguished in horror and derision by that appellation.

He was the famous Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a Marshall of France, and a general of uncommon intrepidity, and greatly distinguished himself in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., by his courage, particularly against the English when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which would have been sufficient to have immortalized his name, if he had not for ever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, blasphemies, and licentiousness of every kind. His revenues were princely, but his prodigality was sufficient to render an emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of players, a band of Musicians, a society of sorcerers, an almost incredible number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and above two hundred led horses.

Mezera, a French historian of the highest repute, says, that he encouraged and maintained men who called themselves sorcerers, to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes to attach themselves to him, and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his charms and incantations.

These horrid excesses may be believed, when we reflect on the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were certainly but too often practised. He was, at length, for a state crime against the Duke of Brittany, sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes, in 1440; but the duke, who was present at his execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes buried.

Though he was descended from one of the most illustrious families of France, he declared previous to his death that all his horrible excesses were owing to his wretched education.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL,
OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

MONDAY.—We opened the house with the tragedy of the *Distressed Mother*; I played *Orestes*. Our dresses and scenery rather out of repair, which gave some gentlemen occasion to remark: that it would have been more *apropos*, had we advertised the play by the title of the *Distressed Family*.

TUESDAY.—Played *George Barnwell*. Part of the audience wanted me hanged. Afterwards did the *Watchman* and the *Bailiff* in the *Apprentice*.—Shared thirteen pence three farthings.

WEDNESDAY.—Played *Zachino* in *Cymbeline*. My arms almost broken by being put into too small a chest. The farce, the *Register-office*—played *Gulwell*.—Shared one shilling.

THURSDAY.—Doubled the *Ghost* and *Rosenkrantz*, in *Hamlet*, and afterwards played *Mogs* in the *Devil of a Duke*. A gentleman affronted me by saying, I was the *devil of a conjuror*.—Shared one shilling and six pence, and for the first time took my two bits of candles.

FRIDAY.—I played *Macduff*, and two or three other parts in *Macbeth*, one of the witches being drunk, we were obliged to make shift with two. The farce, *Miss in her Teens*; I was Fribble; and the house barber having gone off in a pet, because I could not pay him his week's bill, I was obliged to go on without my hair being dressed.—Shared ten pence and a candle.

SATURDAY.—The *Orphan*. The manager had taken *Custalio* himself, and insisted on my playing *Acasto*. An ignorant country fellow, introduced only to support *Acasto* in the third act, stands on the stage, when I asked, "Where are all my friends?" answered, "Sir, they are at the George over a mug of ale." We afterwards had the *Padlock* without music. I played *Mungo*, and never felt anything half so much as the favourite air, "I wish to my heart me was dead."

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